

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, jle be handg: it cold not be elle, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile starue ere jle rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horle, you rogues, Giue me my Horle, and be hangd.

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp again being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my horle, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, jle peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee; on with your Vizards, thei's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.*

*Peto.* But how many be they

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they not r

*Prince.* What? a coward Sir

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *John* o yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue tha

*Poines.* Sirra *Jack*, thy horle I thou needest him, there thou sh

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him

*Prince.* *Ned*, where are our d

*Poines.* Heere hard by stand

*Fals.* Now my maisters, hap man to his busines.

*Enter the Tr*

*Tra.* Come neighbor, the b the hill, weele walke a foote a w

*Theenes.* Stay.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with the hore son caterpillars! Bacon-f downe with them, fleece them!

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, bot

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied k chuffes, I would your store we ye knaues? yong men must liu weele iure ye yfaith.

*Heere they rob the*

*the Prince, &*

*Prince.* The theeues haue b thou and I rob the theeues, ar be argument for a weeke, lau iest for euer.

*Poines.* Stand close, I hear

*Enter the thee*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, let fore day: and the *Prince* & *Po* theres no equity stirring, the than in a wild Ducke.